



I dreamed I stood in a studio and watched two sculptors there.
The clay they used was a young child's mind, and they fashioned it with care.
One was a teacher - the tools he used were books, music, and art;
One was a parent, who worked with a guiding hand, and a gentle, loving heart.
Day after day the teacher toiled, with a touch that was deft and sure,
While the parent labored by her side and polished and smoothed it o'er.
And then at last their task was done.
They were proud of what they had wrought,
For the things they had molded into the child could never be sold or bought.
And each agreed they would have failed if he had worked alone,
For behind the teacher stood the school and behind the parent, the home.